

THE

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LAST GUINEA,

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A

P O E M.

Heu! deficit alter
Aureus, O simili frondescat Virga Metallo,
VIRG.

The Fourth EDITION.

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posite to the *Chapel of Ease*.

MDCCLXIII.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

THIS POEM being written some Time since, for private Amusement, had the good Fortune to fall into the Hands of some Gentlemen, who, approving the Design, were pleased to give it some Correction, and persuade the Author to make it public. Having no Liberty of making use of their Names, his Ambition of an open Acknowledgment was stifled against his Inclination.

ALL the Author had to fear, was the Censure that might be passed on this Performance, as too near resembling the Subject of Mr *Philips's* Splendid Shilling: to which, as he was an entire Stranger, so the Reader will observe, no Ornaments are borrowed from that delicate Original. The Similies perhaps may appear too thick sown; but that, it is hoped, increases the Surprise, and is

no ill Argument of the Author's Invention.

It has no Name before it, and had not appeared in Print from the good Opinion of the Writer, but that of better Judges: who being content to have their Names in the Dark, the Poet desires the same Security from Envy and Censure.

T H E
L A S T G U I N E A :

A
P O E M.

P O O R relic of my once known yellow store,
Must thou be chang'd, and I have gold no more?
To earn thee, oft I've exercis'd my brain,
Small the reward, but grateful was the pain.
Thou hast relieved the troubles of the day,
And sooth'd my soul, whilst I in slumbers lay.
In storms at sea, and journeys on the land,
I had a friend whilst I could thee command,
I've prov'd thy guide, and thou my honour's guard,
And that we now should part, is wond'rous hard.

Thy mold's the semblance of that blissful time,
When want of wealth was a reproachful crime.
From avarice its guilty grandeur rose,
And still with vice its gilded value grows.
The wicked magic of its fatal charms,
Makes war of peace, and friendships rise in arms.
Its dire infection, like the tenting itch,
Spreads round th'ambition of becoming rich.
Great is its worth, but greater its abuse,
Yet men its service with these evils chuse.
To make it sacred, princes, in their coin,
The signs of empire and their image join:
For 'tis profane on any worthless thing,
To prostitute the arms and figure of a king.

The LAST GUINEA:

THOU art a CHARLES—He was a generous man,
 But much he suffer'd ere his reign began.
 May that to me a change of fate portend!
 May days of want in years of plenty end!
 The image bears the greatness of his mind;
 It seems to smile and labour to be kind.
 Wert Thou a GEORGE, I'd spare THEE for his sake,
 And THEE the guardian of my fortune make;
 The charms of GEORGE fierce poverty might tame,
 Since wars and tyrants own the peaceful name.

HERE on this side you boast the herald's part,
 But that's no cordial for a poor man's heart.
 Here lions couch, and there a lion roars;
 Men rage in want, but are serene in stores.
 The sternest aspect shew'd the greatest mind,
 When by these symbols war was first design'd.
 There lilies shew the fickle pride of France,
 Melting away almost as they advance;
 No fading thing in greatness can endure,
 Who's rich to-day, to-morrow may be poor.
 The harp there bends its melancholy strings,
 Ah! music sadness to the thoughtful brings.
 A crown its honours on the whole conveys,
 A scepter there its majesty displays;
 The sword defends it by an awful force;
 A double cross forebodes me something worse.
 Vain is the pomp that loads the gaudy fields,
 It doleful omens, but no comfort yields.

You Guineas are good-natur'd easy folks,
 Your principle no company provokes;
 You have no conscience, tho' in human shape,
 Are singly dumb, but rattle in a heap.
 You come with pleasure, and depart with pain,
 As lovers meet, and take their leave again;
 You rise and fall as humours take the great,
 Too true an emblem of a courtier's fate:

You court the worthless, and neglect the best,
As fools are most by flatt'ring knaves carest.
They keep you best who least can you employ,
As eunuchs guard the fair they can't enjoy.
When most secure, you frequently are stole,
As accidents our purpos'd joys controul.
Where-e'er you are, our whole attention lies,
As Sylvia is the centre of all eyes.
Of ev'ry virtue you supply the place,
Wit to the mind, and beauty to the face.
The Pope strange wonders of his keys may tell,
But you command his paradise, or hell.

THOU, in thy time, hast many circles run,
Both good and ill, in thy adventures done.
Your course of life is like a pilgrim-state,
But adds no knowledge to thy thoughtless pate :
As squires, who travel half the globe around,
Wise as before on their return are found.
Ere thou wast mine, thou, like a statesman's heart,
Or veering winds, couldst play a different part,
The loyal subject, or the rebel act,
Defend the church, or propagate a sect.
Oft hast thou pled an injur'd righteous cause,
Oft falsely sworn, oft made pernicious laws ;
For parliament unfaithful members chose,
And, in debate, for either question rose ;
Too oft oppos'd the measures of the court,
Then, shifting sides, with zeal hast voted for't,
Oft in the field for liberty hast fought,
And posts and honours for the worthless bought.
O ! may thy last great actions, when thou'rt gone,
Make rich amends, and former crimes atone !
When thou art chang'd, exert for me thy pow'r
In deeds, a guinea, ne'er essay'd before.
The world you know, each old acquaintance find,
Search every treasure, gather every friend,

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'Till shining bright with thousands in thy train,
Thou com'st triumphant to my purse again.
If, monarch-like, you bring attendant bands,
Thy praise shall echo from my busy hands,
And, when whole heaps uncelebrated lie,
You shall be sung in verse that ne'er can die.

As when a Consul, victor in the war,
Return'd to Rome, in a triumphant car,
'Midst valiant legions marching in array,
And captive nations, to renown the day,
The city hail'd him with deserw'd applause,
Nor dy'd his honours with the loud huzza's;
For arches rose to see the hero pass,
And still he lives a conqueror in brass.

ALAS! this lecture can't my pains abate,
They still increase as I thy power relate.
To keep thee safe I've fasted now till noon,
Nor cool'd my liver in the heats of June.
Sure of my grief thou feel'st a friendly share,
While thus I sigh, and on thy colour stare.
E'en rocks relent, as wand'ring shepherds mourn,
And doleful echos their complaints return.
Hard steel itself, like ice, dissolves away,
When in the centre of collected day.

THY sympathy I see, thy brightness fails,
And dimness o'er thy radiance now prevails.
'Tis thy compassion hinders thee to melt,
Since want, alas! would then too soon be felt.
Tho' in fine artists seldom you delight,
And hate the poets with a mortal spite;
(An ancient plaint! deduc'd from time to time,
By the worst right, hereditary rhyme.);
Yet now, as conscious of my anxious pain,
Thou pity tak'st, and gladly wou'dst remain.



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